

Art Death

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As human beings, we do not simply live just to die. It is the journey between the two extremes, the two vices, the manifestation between absolute creation and absolute destruction, that grants us our immortal stories; existent in time, yet remembered even when no one is left to remember. We are just now coming to realize the basic rules of the game, learning to live without desire, to accept hardship as a pathway to peace, to love one another and all things, the living and nonliving alike, for we are within everything and everything is within us, art born from art. We are a system that doesn't make any sense to exist in the first place, for even logic itself dictating fundamental properties such as the dualistic nature of our reality seems to have the need to originate from something else too, but what then would dictate that logic needs to be born from something else if not logic? So perhaps this would then create an infinite chain extending ad infinitum of things creating other things or things creating themselves, ouroboros taking form yet again; however, one could then ask what set this infinite chain into place? For it doesn't make sense for the first iteration of logic which creates itself an infinite number of times to appear out of absolutely nothingness, beyond time itself for time too must originate from something else.

It appears that nothing really makes any sense, not even sense itself, at least to us (not yet anyways, then again all we have is right now), and yet we are still here, with everything fitting together exactly as it always was supposed to. Everything is beautiful, because it is, because it exists, with meaning being intrinsic; in the face of a death beyond death, everything still is, and continues to be, in spite of logic itself potentially being self defeating outside of our sub system. This extends onto us, with everything being analogous to us and us being analogous to everything, all one in the same; continuing to live even when all else seems to tell you not to, to search for a greater purpose, and perhaps a grand reason beyond reasons, a reason for reasons.

To continue off of this, I believe we are now facing an Art Death which we will inevitably conquer once more; with our world being intertwined more than any other point in the past, all forms of art appear to be conglomerating, niche genres dying off and everything being thrown into the mainstream by social media, from psychedelic mind-bending genres to happy genres to sad genres to even nature itself all being on this list; all of which to keep ourselves entertained, distracted with some new style, but it seems we are sharing and oversaturating these forms of art faster than we can create new ones - we crave to be unique, yet that shared desire is exactly what kills the fun - thus, an Art Death looming around the corner.

Of course, however, the universe always finds its way of balancing everything out over time, and I believe I am acting in part with the necessary counteraction in which will balance our system, for I will now offer two potential solutions to this subtle crisis. On one end, we may choose to accept that we are all one in the same and that we are meant to give up our uniqueness, sharing all forms of art, generalizing them with labels which takes away from the personal aspect; however, this doesn't seem to be the right answer. On the contrary, we may choose to not give up so easy on our uniqueness. Instead, we can still accept we are all one in the same, but that we, too, are collaborators in creation on every level; it is not just on the global scale we create, but as nations, as cities, as communities, as friends, as families, as individuals.

On every single level we create, and with all complex systems being formed of smaller and smaller things down to the foundations, here, we, as individuals, stand as the clear foundations for these groups. Much like how countless atoms make us up, and countless subatomic particles make up those atoms, and so on until the barebones are reached. Each atom in our body must function properly as its individual self in order for the complex system to function; sure, you can say that you can live without a grand number of these atoms, these building blocks; but remember, too, we all began as a zygote, a single cell, and had this cell not also carried out its function then we, at least this exact version of us, wouldn't be here right now. Furthermore, if all of the cells in our

body ceased to function properly, or even just a fair percentage of them, we would drop dead. It all stands to be recursive, and the same goes for the very devices we are using to communicate with each other all around the globe billions and billions and billions of times per second.

Thus, all of this to say we must continue to be ourselves on every level there is to be; to carry out our function of being a human, a spiritual entity having a human experience, ontologically parasitic to our bodies and reflected better than any mirror through our art, and to share our art but moderate and balance how much we share so there still exists secrets in the eyes of the mainstream. Smaller groups will be able to enjoy their niches until they inevitably propagate upward to a global scale, however, there will be more smaller groups soon to follow to fill their underground place. To reiterate, today we face an issue where these smaller groups propagate upwards faster than more groups can come to replace them, hence we are stuck recycling forms of art, boring ourselves continuously, and spiritually starving ourselves of our love for creation on all levels, but, most especially, on the personal level. Thankfully, I believe there is a straightforward fix to this despite our exponential growth in technology and ever-increasing use of social media: innovate, and gatekeep. Create forms of art that only you and perhaps trusted friends would truly understand, take inside jokes for example, and withhold the answer. Go put a little bit more genuine mystery out there on the internet, bringing its original

charm back into motion, and in life in general, for the unknown is our greatest fear yet the greatest gift. Live for love and share that love, but remember that balance, too, is necessary to sustain that love: act towards eudaimonia, and fight against this Art Death.

Take care, friend, and stay strong.

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